

## The Critic

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### The Author of "The Story of Ida."

IN APRIL, 1883, Mr. Ruskin, then Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, edited a little book which he recommended to his undergraduates, as something for which he had a long time been vainly looking—"Something exactly true, in the greatest of Sciences, that of Humanity." (In the name of our new orthography, let it be explained that the capitals are his.) This 'Story of Ida,' which he found to contain what other more pretentious and more brilliant books lacked, is the record of the short life of an Italian peasant girl, who really proved the existence of a hitherto mythical character, in whom the most imaginative of us had indulged only a poetic belief—the young woman who deliberately took to her flower-decked couch, and died for love. We all remember the great popularity of the story, written by 'one who loved her best and knew her perfectly,' with no idea that the simple little memorial would ever have a larger audience than 'just those people who cared for Ida.'

The first intention of the author has been preserved: no one has ever read the book who did not 'care for Ida;' and not even the absurd explanatory notes of its great sponsor have taken away from its pathetic charm. Of course, everybody wanted to know who wrote it. There were two clues—'Francesca, Florence,' and the portrait of the heroine which greets one on opening the book. It is a most lovely sketch, in black and white, of a young girl with a delicate oval face, very heavy black hair pushed back from a broad low brow, lying on a little white bed, fast asleep. The bed is decked with flowers and trailing vines; and not the delicate bells of the lily of the valley which droop over her pretty head, are more pure and lovely than that quiet face. So Francesca of Florence was an artist—and out of that was slowly developed the fact that the author of 'The Story of Ida' was Miss Frances Alexander, the daughter of Mr. Francis Alexander, a Boston painter of ability, who went to Italy, married an English lady, and lived and died in Florence, where his daughter was born and has spent her life. Miss Alexander has inherited her father's talent, and is probably the best living portrayer of the Italian peasant character, to the study of which she has devoted herself. She lives in a tall many-storied stone palace, which 'gives' on the piazza of Santa Maria Novella (Michael Angelo's beautiful bride)—which seems to have been called 'new' because it was built in 1278.

A touch of the bell brought the little hump-backed concierge out of his white-washed dormitory, and we stepped into a courtyard around which the *casa* is built, after the fashion of an amphitheatre, or the Pantheon, with its great eye looking heavenward. The court is paved with brick tiles in mosaic patterns, with a fountain in its centre. Between the arches of the colonnade are big green tubs, in which grow orange and lemon trees; and here and there a flaming pomegranate. Up, up, up—one, three, seven flights of marble stairs, and we find ourselves on a landing where a rosy-cheeked old peasant woman, with wonderful

dark eyes, sits amid her pots of geranium, her bird-cages, and her *scaldino*, and gives us a smile that means all the good wishes and compliments you and I would embody in our finest speech. This is Edwige, Miss Alexander's dear old nurse and friend. If one had time, one would like to write about Edwige, or maybe paint her wonderful old face. As it is, we do neither, but cross the threshold of the little white-washed door, and find ourselves in the artist's studio. The first thing, even before we can say 'How do you do?' to the brown-haired, blue-eyed hostess, in her quaint half-English half-Italian costume—before we have taken our breath, indeed—we rush to the window for the view.

Seven flights up, and this is what it brings us to! Over yonder lies the valley of Fiesole, all pink and white with flowering almond trees, with a background of dark mountains capped with snow, and overhead, undimmed by one little floating veil of cloud to hide its splendor, the blue Italian sky—blue as the Madonna's robe, the sapphire in St. Peter's ring, or the water in the Capri grotto. And then, a low plain dotted with white villages, and—far beyond—the Arno, winding in shimmering curves. The people in the street look like puppets; in the green cloister of the Chiostro Verdi of Santa Maria, two Dominican monks, in their white robes and tonsured heads, are walking up and down telling their beads. The floor of the little studio is tiled with red brick, like the courtyard below; the walls are white-washed and hung with bits of Medici tapestry much the worse for wear, and three early Renaissance paintings—a Virgin and Child, a crucifixion, and a *pieta*, glorified with a great deal of gilding—strange Byzantine figures, painted on the principle that to be holy, one must be very plain. One corner is sacred to the memory of Ida. 'I painted this portrait before I knew how to use pigments,' said Miss Alexander, as we stood before the picture of the Florentine girl, with her kerchief folded on her breast, and a beauty in her face which even then was not of this world—that *bell'ezza della morte* which is sometimes seen in great saints or little children. On the table were other relics—a long soft curl, a rosary and some pressed lilies of which Ida was passionately fond. But the chief decoration of the room was the flowers—huge Tuscan jars of blue and yellow ware filled with anemones, tulips, violets that doubled themselves out of all modesty, and over the mantel a great spray of almond-blossoms which filled the air with perfume. These were all gifts from the artist's models, the pretty soft-eyed Tuscan girls who gathered them in the mountain fastnesses, or over yonder in the blue Val d'Arno. 'They are the best and purest creatures in the world,' said Miss Alexander, 'the simplest and most grateful; and they have a reverence for holy things which is wonderful. My model Tessa is coming presently. I am sketching her as the Madonna for the Christmas melody. You shall see her unconscious simplicity.'

Sure enough, in a few minutes there was a gentle tap at the door and a girl entered. She was a slight, spiritual thing, with a delicate face, and of course the Tuscan's heritage—large luminous eyes. She held a *bambino* in her arms—a rosy boy, half-naked, and fast asleep. At a sign from Miss Alexander, she laid the child on a bright-colored rug, and with an utter ignoring of our presence, knelt down beside it, and began to sing in a low sweet voice

Mira, cuor mio durissimo,  
Il bel Bambino Gesù,  
Che in quel presepe asprissimo,  
Or lo fai nascer tu.

And as she sang, her eyes filled with something of that reverent awe which consecrates the Virgin of the Italian school.

While she was sketching, Miss Alexander told us of her acquaintance with Ruskin. He visited her studio in company with the artist Henry Newman; 'and before I knew it,' to quote her own words, 'I had told him all about Ida; he had the manuscript; and like my betters, I found myself, one fine morning, famous—only in a more moderate degree.'

Since then we have been dear friends, and he has edited all I have done.' Her last work lay on the table. It was the collection of 'Roadside Songs of Tuscany' which she has translated into rhyming English, set to music, and illustrated in pen-and-ink. The subjects are all religious—sweet-faced Madonnas, pale saints, and holy children. All the women have a certain likeness to Ida, her first inspiration. But one can scarcely regret the repetition of that beautiful and reverent face.

ISA CARRINGTON CABELL.

### Reviews

#### The New Shelley.\*

THIS is the age of rejuvenations, of rehabilitations, Oriental re-incarnations, Pythagorean transmigrations, a fact no less true of authors and authorship, of reputations and literary fame, than its realization seemed to Buddha and Pythagoras in days of old. The 'murdered fowl' of yesterday becomes the glorified seer of to-day: the crocodile of the past becomes the god of the future: the cat can not only 'look at' but become the 'king.' 'Justification by faith' is the foundation principle of the writers of the new biography; for if you have faith in your subject, his justification is not remote, however scorched and blackened his character may have become. Has not Judas Iscariot had faithful biographers? and are there not people found who would rather eulogize Kritias than Socrates? The bee that has kissed Plato's lips wings its way straight to a satyr's. Not only is this the age of justifications, of rejuvenations of things old and revamping of things new: it is also the age of 'final biographies,' wherein, as for the last time, one is thought to gain a complete and perfect image of this or that great man who has passed away. Even here, though, the lenses are not achromatic, the mirror elongates sometimes, the spider-web stretched across the lucent field of the telescope is often coarse and fibrous: the image is sometimes blurred, eccentric, unastronomic. We are told—as at the edge of the grave—to look in for the last time, and get our final vision of the sepulchred object; and then the 'earth to earth' comes, the waters of oblivion begin to roll, and such image as we have gained, such impression as we have caught, such reflex as flashes back on us from the mirror, such detail as emerges fitfully from the biography, arranges itself into final shape, like the restless diagrams of the kaleidoscope, and we are left with this or that (supposed) ultimate and unexpiring image of the beloved.

Thus it is somewhat with Shelley in the full and fascinating biography of him, which Prof. Dowden has just given in two heaping volumes. If ever there be a finality in biography—in the presentation of the fluctuating phenomena that envelop and encircle a poet's life—this finality would seem to have been attained in the new life of that man in whose mental form and figure tricksiness and tragedy, reminiscences of Titania and King Lear, commingle and blend. Everything that the poet's friends and relations could do to make all the facts of the case complete—all that friends' friends or relations' relations or grandchildren of any and everybody who had ever seen or heard Shelley could relate of him—all this, and even more, illustrates and ennobles the biography and renders it one of the most pathetic and profoundly interesting life-stories in English literature. And all this about the mere segment of an arc—about a life not long enough to extend over a single generation—about a brief thirty years, precocious indeed, vivid to the last degree, pregnant with events and vicissitudes, yet, as compared with the longevity of still living poets, a mere flash between two twilights. Shelley had done all his matchless work—had sung and died, had dreamed and vanished—at an age when George Eliot or Emerson had not even begun to write. The slow fruitions and accumulations which in them required a whole generation to gather and ripen and flow forth, in Shelley—

quickened by a tropic temperament fertilized from unknown sources—leaped at once into full birth, more particularly when the light of Italy shone upon the poet and his union with Mary Godwin made thought and image come thick as manna. In him a young god seemed to fall asleep and then suddenly awake again, in the full maturity of his energies—Endymion on the cliffs, not moon-struck but the suddenly vitalized partner of Luna. From the time he was twelve or thirteen something in him made Shelley write, as if his flying goose-quill had suddenly quickened into a living feather and were, in spite of the writer, traversing the empyrean with aerial susurrus. Even at Eton, in his sixteenth year, we hear of vast projects—dialogues, novels, and poems—planned and sketched, all glowing with the hectic fire which from the beginning affixed itself as a birthmark to everything Shelleyan.

His college life and early manhood were consumed in writing unhealthy romances, fantastic poems, and political tracts, which showed the bent of his genius if they did not display the soundness of his mind. The characters in which his romances dealt were all abstractions and unrealities, and this flavor of unreality continued to the last; for not long before he was drowned he openly declared that people would seek in vain for flesh and blood in his works: he did not deal in them. What he did deal in was principles, and these by some magic of genius he covered with dew and perfume, he incarnated in glorious poetic forms, he endowed with surpassing rhythmic grace, he clothed in elemental fire. Beginning as an atheistic materialist, and belonging originally to that class of Illuminati who find their sustenance in the French Encyclopédie, he traversed in this as in other things a whole Argo-voyage of circumnavigation, and ended as the most refined of spiritualists. How else could it be with him, devotee of 'immortality, truth and high devotedness,' with a soul woven of the most delicate spiritual textures, with a constitution like gossamer, with desires and passions all radiancy and impalpability? His errors, whatever they were,—and he was often in error,—were not the result of malice aforethought and should be looked upon now with pity and compassion. His life was one long harassment, one long struggle with disease and debt and misunderstanding. In Prof. Dowden's masterly volumes all this comes out with such plenitude of stroke and delineation that, from having been one of the vaguest and most shadowy of the poets of England, Shelley now stands forth illuminated with almost painful light. He stands there a dazzling sprite—the spirits of Air, and Storm and Sunshine about him; but when we look closer, we find he is a Gregory chained to his rock, and however skilfully we may try to liberate, to rehabilitate, to rejuvenate, to excuse him, he must bear his own chains of error and expiation till the end of time.

Prof. Dowden treats plentifully of Shelley's amours and marriages, his literary connections with Godwin, Peacock, Medwin, Trelawney, and Lord Byron, and his life and experiences in England and Italy. He touches only incidentally on a criticism of Shelley's poems and prose, having set it as his main task to be a faithful biographer; but abundant light, at the same time, is thrown upon the genesis of these poems and prose works, if that can be called a 'genesis' which was like a flash of radiant light to heaven rather than a toilsome climb up Parnassus. Shelley composed with extraordinary swiftness, as witness 'The Sensitive Plant' and 'Epipsychidion,' not to speak of the wonderful choruses of 'Prometheus,' born in the sunshine of the Baths of Caracalla. Prof. Dowden has had access to all the Shelley Papers no less than help from a hundred or so of people who possess Shelleyana of all sorts, and he has interwoven the stock facts of the poet's life with a vast number of new details and touches which make this one of the most perfect and living of biographies, worthy to go on the shelf with Boswell or with Moore's Byron. Shelley is not justified in any of his perversities: he is simply 'presented,' and the reader draws his own conclusions.

\*The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Edward Dowden. 2 vols. \$9.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.



**The Greatest of American Commonwealths.\***

AS BECOMES the age, dignity, and preëminence of the subject, the eighth number of the series of Mr. Scudder's American Commonwealths, devoted to New York, is in two volumes. This is not to foreshadow the execution of Edward A. Freeman's suggestion that the chief of the middle group of the American Union should be divided into two sovereign states—Manhattan and New York; but because of the long and diversified history of the Commonwealth founded by the Hollanders. The editor might have discovered literary experts and specialists who could perhaps have treated more felicitously certain phases of her history—Dutch, Colonial, Indian, Revolutionary, Constitutional—but probably none could do justice to the whole subject better than the author of this work, Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, editor of the *Utica Herald*. From the central part of the State came the man who takes the best all-around view of things. In addition to furnishing his work with all the appurtenances of good bookmaking—to the praise of the editor, perhaps, this is to be said—we have, in seven hundred pages and over, a solid feast of truth and fact. How the author could have so neatly condensed his terse paragraphs from the heaps of manuscript needed to describe certain great movements, is known perhaps only to editors and such literary macerators. We note too, as becomes one who pretends to precise knowledge of the Dutch founders, the proper spelling of *domine*. As this term for the minister or pastor of a church is of Hollandish origin, and invariably so spelled in the Dutch records, no other way is allowable. Certain Protestant clerical refugees to Scotland in pre-Reformation times had to teach for a living, and so the Scotch, who spelled their title *dominè*, applied also the term to schoolmasters. That, however, is no reason why a Scotticism and slang-word should do duty in English for the honorable title of rector or pastor. The *domines* were the first scholars, linguists and literary people in the New Netherlands.

As Mr. Roberts clearly shows, despite the apparent paradox in the statement, the Dutch founded the first American commonwealth. New Netherlands was tolerant and cosmopolitan, with taxation by representation, the judiciary having preëminence in the government and education made free and popular. While Massachusetts was Puritan, Virginia Cavalier and Pennsylvania Quaker, New Netherlands possessed the germs which have since become blossom and fruit in the government of the United States. Long before the English committed political theft and historical propriety, in capturing the province governed by Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam possessed those cosmopolitan features which New York has never lost. The differences of the faces of our American cities are the result of constitutional peculiarities. New York is hereditarily different from Boston or Philadelphia. Mr. Roberts hardly brings out fully and fairly, as we think, the long and finally victorious struggle made by the Dutch and their descendants in resisting the efforts of the English governors to force the English Established Church on the New York people. (Some day the ecclesiastical records and the American correspondence with the Classis of Amsterdam, now lying in manuscript at New Brunswick, N. J., we believe, will be published.) He gives credit to the original settlers, however, for their sterling qualities. He shows, in graphic touches, the physical situation of New York as the military key of the continent. He paints with skilled hand the wonderful Iroquois confederation, shows that New York was the chief battle-ground, and her people the chief sufferers and most generous givers, in the Revolution. His pictures of the War of 1812 and of the great struggle lasting from 1861 to 1865 are brilliant, accurate and fascinating. Even the figures of New York's part in the war for the Union are eloquent. The draft-rites, the political fortunes and woes of the great men, the tides of thought in politics, literature and religion, are all

made luminous under his pen. Many crisp sentences and brilliant epigrams might be quoted, but we forbear. The final chapters on 'New York in the Second Century' and 'The Primacy of New York' are among the best. As a book, this volume is a most creditable piece of literary workmanship. The living soul within the covers does not impress us as a thing hatched to order, but as a living unity that has slowly grown to beauty and proportion.

**De Vere's Horace.\***

WE CANNOT hope to possess a perfect version of Horace until an English Horace arises to assume the task. His range is so wide that the best translators can only achieve a partial success, varying in proportion to the correspondence between the tastes and feelings of the poet and his interpreters. Perhaps, however, a compilation might be made from out the whole body of English versions which should fairly represent the original. Isolated poems have been admirably rendered; but the lightness of touch which the livelier lyrics demand is no qualification for translating the 'Coelo Tonantem' and the loftier odes. To a man of Sir Stephen de Vere's temperament, for example, Horace appeals by virtue of his patriotism, his public spirit, his unfailing good sense; and such of his lyrics as are animated by these sentiments are those in which this translator has been most successful. Many of them are excellently rendered: the rhythm is smooth and harmonious, the language scholarly and well chosen, and the verse glows with an eloquence that is not entirely borrowed. There is a tendency to indulge in amplification, however, and the interpolated phrase is not always in keeping. The epithet 'spectral,' for example, in the line

A spectral form Soracte stands, snow-crowned,

seems as uncongenial to the context as Mephistopheles among the myth-shapes of the Classical Walpurgis-night. The translator permits himself too great a license, moreover, in varying the metre in different passages of the same poem. There is no such irregularity in the text; and certainly the translator's aim should be to select a stanza the long and short lines of which might conform in sequence to the metre of the original. In his rendering of the Ode to Chloe ('Vitas Hinnuleo') Sir Stephen has been specially unfortunate; nor has he altogether seized the spirit of the wittier poems. For example, the true subject of the well-known ode 'Eheu Fugaces' is not the certainty of death, but the niggardly temper of Postumus. The point of the whole piece is contained in the concluding stanza—the sting is in the tail. 'Unlock your cellars, my boy, and drink about!' the poet seems to say; 'make cheer in this world! there's cold comfort in the next!' It is essential to bring this idea home to the English reader, if the spirit of the piece is to be preserved. We might venture to render the passage thus:

Worthier his destiny, your heir shall seize  
The wine might grace a priestly board, and shed  
Wide on the floor its royal red,  
Spite of that army there—your keys.

De Vere has it thus:

A lavish, but a nobler heir  
Thy hoarded Cæcuban shall share,  
And on the tessellated floor  
The purple nectar madly pour,  
Nectar more worthy of the halls  
Where Pontiffs hold high festivals,—

missing the whole point of the jest, and making a sermon out of a satire. Yet, on the whole, it must be allowed that Sir Stephen's translation deserves a high rank among English renderings of Horace, and one regrets only its incompleteness.

\* New York. (American Commonwealths Series.) By Ellis H. Roberts. 2 vols. \$2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* Translations from Horace, and a few Original Poems. By Sir Stephen E. de Vere, Bart. Second Edition. London: George Bell & Sons.

## Hebrew Wisdom.\*

THIS is certainly one of the most fascinating and delightfully readable works in Biblical criticism that have come under our eye for a long time. If Robertson Smith or Wellhausen had a style like that of Cheyne, the rapidly advancing science (or art) of Biblical criticism would soon be amazingly popular. Dr. Cheyne is Oriel Professor of Interpretation at Oxford, one of the revisers of the 'authorized' version of the Old Testament, and a brilliant author of critical works in Hebrew scholarship. His record is a strong one for a man under fifty. He has in this volume applied himself to a minute examination of portions of that later Hebrew literature in the Bible library which is characterized by the word *chokma* (wisdom). He analyzes the style, literary elements, indications as to time of composition, recondite and popular allusions, textual peculiarities, shades of thought, comparative points of likeness, in each book and of all of those in the wisdom group. In common parlance the 'poetical' portion of the Bible—Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Canticles, Ecclesiastes—is, except certain of the Psalms, the same as the 'wisdom literature.' Dr. Cheyne expects to follow with a similar work treating of the Psalms, Song of Songs and Lamentations. In the present volume, the books of Job, Proverbs, of Jesus the Son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus, and of Koheleth, or Ecclesiastes, are treated of. A suggestive paper, full of the manliness of true scholarship, read before the Church Congress in Reading, England, in 1883, forms a fitting introduction. Its title is 'How is Old Testament Criticism Related to Christianity?' In this paper—which, despite the author's pleasant style, must have been as red pepper to the eyes of the mediæval-minded—he declares the motto of the 'new' or Biblical theology: 'Exegesis must decide first of all what essential Christian truth is, before a devout philosophy can interpret, expand and apply it.' An appendix, fat with the plums of rare learning, forms the dessert to this rich feast spread for all who can buy, beg, or borrow the volume.

In the treatment of Hebrew 'wisdom,' which he declares is a product as peculiar as the dialect of Plato, and from a literary point of view no less worthy of admiration, the author moves jauntily and gaily, and with infectious delight. He declares that the author of Job is its greatest master, and in this drama of character, with its cycles of speeches, the Hebrew intuition poets reached their acme. After one hundred pages given to the products of the group of writers who, in his view, produced the book, sixty pages are devoted to an analysis of the homely wisdom of the people as collected in Proverbs; uncanonical Sirach receives twenty pages of attention; Koheleth, or 'The Preacher,' is held in the clutch of modern criticism through sixty pages. Dr. Cheyne's chapters on the Hebrew pessimist and his alleged redactors form probably the most interesting in the book. His three hundred pages sparkle with gems from rich mines of wit, wisdom, learning, revealed fact and manifested beauty. The English author is at home in the whole range of the Continental literature of modern Biblical science.

## Symons's Introduction to Browning.†

WE must confess that we took a dislike to this book when we read in the very first sentence that Browning is 'an immense personality,' and, a few lines farther on, that, 'in all the potentialities of poetry, he is probably second, among English poets, to Shakspeare alone.' One tires of this sort of thing, especially if he is fresh from Prof. Corson's 'microcosmic potentialities,' 'a thought-and-passion capital,' 'the protoplast of nature,' 'the rectification of personality,' and such like polysyllabic perversions of English. If this be an 'introduction' to Browning, one is tempted to ask for an introduction to the introduction, adapted to the average

Anglo-Saxon intellect. But Mr. Symons's book is a very good one after all—better suited to its purpose than Corson's, which, nevertheless, has many excellent points; and better, on the whole, than Mrs. Orr's 'Handbook,' as giving in some two hundred pages (for seventy-five cents) all that is really valuable in her three hundred and forty pages (costing three times as much). The comments and criticisms are withal as much keener than hers as they are briefer. The plan of the two books is the same. Mr. Symons, like Mrs. Orr, begins with an essay on the 'Several Characteristics' of Browning's poetry, and then takes up the poems individually, giving their history, analyzing them, and—were about to say, criticizing them, but eulogizing is the appropriate term, for neither commentator sees any 'blot' in the poet's 'scutcheon.' In an 'Appendix' Mr. Symons furnishes a good bibliography of Browning's publications, together with a reprint of the discarded prefaces to 'Paracelsus' (1835), 'Strafford' (1837), 'Pippa Passes' (1841), and No. VIII. of 'Bells and Pomegranates' (1846, though he omits the date). Last, but not least, there is a full Index to the poems discussed. The student of Browning will find the book well worth its cost for its bibliographical information alone.

## Recent Fiction.

THE CHARM of Theo Gift's 'Victims' (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) lies wholly in the telling of the story. The story itself is made up from the most hackneyed material: a simple little French girl, a strong and manly Englishman, cruel parents, a rich French count, an elopement, a frustration, a forced marriage, a duel, a brain-fever, death of the innocent 'victim,' and final marriage of the hero to the strong fine English girl whom he ought to have known enough to marry in the first place. All this you are ready to declare you have read already a hundred times; but you haven't—at least, not told in the way this author tells it. The story is made singularly picturesque, chiefly with the local color of Brittany, and there is great art in the way in which the author keeps our sympathy to the end for the almost, but never quite, ridiculous simplicity of the little French maiden. We are permitted to see that if she had had one-tenth the strength of the other heroine, she would have been spared half her woes; and yet we can never quite despise her lack of strength. There is incidentally a neat little hit at the folly of trusting to circumstantial evidence, when a telegram with the word 'advice' in it is left torn in two so that the young wife sees in it only something about 'vice.' Altogether, the story is in its way original, entertaining and pretty, in spite of its sadness and tragedy.

MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS, author of 'Dorothy Delafield' (Phillips & Hunt), states in her preface that she 'knows no more than the reader whether Dorothy Delafield was like a wandering star seeking instinctively to regain a lost and harmonious orbit, or whether she, in common with many another of those finer womanly organizations, the direct product of American life and teaching, will, in the generations to come, be considered as comets shining for a little time with meteoric brilliancy.' This is discouraging, provided one wishes very much to know the answer to the question. The author provides orbits enough, in case Dorothy was a star, in anti-slavery excitement, religious revivals, the Civil War, French marquises, diamonds, thieves, mysterious garrets, lecture-rooms and reporters' desks for Dorothy, and finally, in the good-old-fashioned way, an unexpected fortune to make all right. The reader who has patiently gone through all of Dorothy's experiences and theories about orbits, is a little disappointed to find the outcome of it all on the last page to be Dorothy's final conclusion that 'perhaps' when she is older, she will be able to formulate a theory; but that just now she is sure of only one thing: that she 'wants her life to be full of a wise activity that shall especially benefit womankind.' For practical guidance, therefore, we are very much afraid Dorothy was not a star but a comet.

WILLIAM BLACK'S 'Sabina Zembra' (Franklin Square Library) does not tempt by its title. Mr. Black has wearied us a little of late, and the new name savors too much of something uncanny not to suggest either Nihilistic or occult romance, in neither of which literary branches have we ever had much of value. We speedily find, however, that the Nova Zembla young lady is not a Pole, nor a Jew, nor a Nihilist, nor a Theosophist, but a very lovable young girl of London, in whose fortunes we are quickly and

\* Job and Solomon; or, The Wisdom of the Old Testament. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne. 8s. 6d. New York: T. Whitaker.

† An Introduction to the Study of Browning. By Arthur Symons. 75 cts. New York: Cassell & Co.



deeply interested. The story is told with Mr. Black's old-time charm. So truly does all the world love the story of a lover, that if a novel is nothing else but a well-told love-tale, it will hold us to the end. 'Sabina Zembra' is not actually destitute of a plot; but it is chiefly a love-story. It goes a little to extremes: the cold father is a little too cold; the hero is a little too nice; the bad husband is a little too bad; Sabina herself is a little too gentle, in spite of her frigid name; and it is a little too incredible that she should ever have cared a farthing for the man she first married. But granting these elements, you have as sweet and touching a story as you have read for many a day. The constant chivalry and devotion of the true lover; the indifference of the heroine; the dawning of her interest in the unworthy one; the dawning of the unworthy one's interest in her, though it never fully amounted even to appreciation; and all the woes and joys that darkened and brightened these existences alternately, are told with never-failing grace; and it may be casually mentioned that Mr. Black has learned to tone down the purplishness of his sunsets, to diminish their number and to put some bounds to his salmon-catching.

AN INTERESTING novel by a new writer, Martha Livingston Moody, comes to us with the title of 'The Tragedy of Brinkwater' (Cassell). It is a detective story with a good deal of originality in the plot, and though simply told, the suspense is well kept up, and the reader who is sure in the middle of the tale that he has the clew is deceived to the end. While the mere story is entertaining, there is much in the book besides the story, and after you have read it once for the plot, you will read it again with increased pleasure for certain light, thoughtful or imaginative touches that give evidence of unusual ability in a writer new to such a task. The gossip of the villagers about the murder; the careless talk of the children round the gallows; the inconsequent chatter of the idiot boy, so utterly unaware of the momentousness of guilt; the firm touch when her little class in the Sunday School hesitate over the Commandments, and Virgin Grey seals her faith in her lover's innocence by repeating in a clear voice for them, 'Thou shalt not kill;' the agony of the three mothers, each suffering poignantly but differently; and the delicate touch where, in a household of which so many members are bearing untold torture of suspense, it is simply stated that three people in the house slept well: the infant, the idiot and the really guilty one—all these are points revealing the artistic instinct in a clever story-teller. Altogether the art and the simplicity of the story are excellently mingled, and the novel is one of the best of those that have just come to hand.

#### Minor Notices.

MR. J. S. Keltie, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society and editor of 'The Statesman's Year-Book' (Macmillan), records in the Preface to the issue for 1887 a further increase in the size of that invaluable annual. Two years ago its pages numbered 900; they now number 976. One of the chief reasons for this growth is the additional space devoted to the smaller British Colonies, with whom England seems disposed, in this Jubilee year, to cultivate more friendly relations than heretofore. Another is the fact that the page following 307 is numbered '308-320,' which disposes of eleven pages at a clip. From the comparative tables printed at the beginning of the book, it appears that Belgium is still the most densely populated land in Europe—514 souls to the square mile, as compared with England and Wales's 479, Saxony's 468 and (at the other end of the line) Norway's 15. Belgium has also more lines of railway per 1000 square miles of territory (242) than any other country in the world except Martinique (318). But then the latter land has only 121 miles all told, while Belgium has 2,758—and the United States 128,473. Europe has in all 70,049 and America 155,424. As this is the twenty-fourth issue of the 'Year-Book,' it is hardly necessary to describe its features and merits in detail.

ABOUT MONEY and Other Things (Harper) is a volume of essays and short stories by Dinah Mulock Craik, author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Mrs. Craik writes about money, about life and its worth, about genius and about facing the world, in a graceful and pleasant manner, not with any deep and probing thought concerning life and its problems, but in a motherly and gracious manner which is always helpful and encouraging. These essay-stories and story-essays were written for periodical publication, and have the light and offhand manner adapted to such writing. The author says the book is now published to 'give to a few more a laugh—which is good; a tear—which is sometimes better; a serious thought or two—which is best of all.' It is well adapted to secure these results, for it has many moods; but it is always pleasant, piquant and womanly. It is a good book to read, not for its philosophy, but for its impression of deepening heart purpose.

IN the preface to 'November,' the final volume of 'Through the Year With the Poets' (Lothrop & Co.), Mr. Adams expresses regret that he is to meet his readers from month to month no more. This regret, if it were well-founded, would be shared by all to whom he has proved so pleasant a companion and guide. But as often as the months return, and one season gives place to another, this delightful ramble shall be repeated, with ever-increasing zest and enjoyment. This November volume brings us no sad parting thoughts, but rather a placid satisfaction that in the completed work we have a perennial blossoming of the most charming flowers of poesy. Pleasant indeed must have been the editor's task of gathering them from their various haunts, and arranging them so tastefully. Equally agreeable to the possessor of this anthology is the consciousness of having at hand such a treasury. The twelve volumes contain nearly 1700 poems by some 500 authors, and form a unique library, faithfully portraying the moods of the changing year. For the happy thought which conceived the design, and the appreciative touch which wrought it out so excellently, Mr. Adams merits the gratitude of all lovers of the beautiful.

'THE GOSPEL AND PHILOSOPHY,' by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, this city (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), contains seven lectures on the relations of Christianity to current philosophical opinions. Dr. Dix seems to think the world is going to the bad, and that the only remedy is for it to come back to the Church as he understands and interprets it. He is especially indignant that Hegelianism has crept into the Church to which he belongs, and that so many able and prominent men have been seduced by it into greater liberality than he thinks wise. His lectures can have little value except to those who sympathize with his own special phase of religious thought, for they add little of real importance to the discussion of current problems. He is in the reactionist attitude, and sees little that is good in the fresh and energetic life about him.

CRITICISM by comparison is held to be the resort of the indolent, yet in the face of this imputation one cannot resist the impulse to say of William James Tilley's 'Masters of the Situation' (S. C. Griggs & Co.), that it is a book very much in the manner of Dr. Mathews's 'Getting On in the World,' Mr. Russell's 'Characteristics,' and Samuel Smiles's 'Self-Help' and other works. To add that in abundant and profitable entertainment, it falls not a whit behind any of these popular volumes, is but to give the author well-merited praise. Under a dozen heads, such as Promptness, Individuality, Application, Habit, Health, Genius, etc., he has collected an attractive array of apposite incidents, anecdotes and quotations, strung together upon a thread of pleasant remark and pertinent suggestion. Those who suppose that this field of illustration has been thoroughly reaped and gleaned by previous writers will be surprised at the amount of fresh material here gathered, and pleased with Mr. Tilley's felicitous way of utilizing it. If our youth could only spare time from their story-reading to look into this capital book, they would learn some 'secrets of success' well worth their knowing.

MR. W. R. JENKINS is beginning a new library called Bibliothèque Choisie, initiating it with the Comtesse de Ségur's amusing 'Les Malheurs de Sophie.' This 'pink library' is intended especially for children, and is an undertaking deserving of every success. The French of this first book is easy and sprightly, and the book has long been a classic in France. 'L'Ombra,' by A. Gennevray, is the new volume of the Romans Choisies (same publisher), and contains a romantic story of English and Italian life. The other six of this special series include novels and romances by Henri Gréville, Halévy, Theuriet, About, Lesueur, and Erckmann-Chatrian—an excellent series, well adapted to the acquisition of colloquial French. 'La Belle Nivernaise' (No. 11 of the Contes Choisies) is by Alphonse Daudet, and contains the story of an old boat and its crew, full of happy tints and touches of life on the Seine.—CASSELL'S 'Public School French Reader, Grammatically Graduated, with Complete Etymological Vocabulary and Notes,' by G. S. Conrad, is a very practical and useful little volume containing many new and helpful features. Its 120 pages of text are made up of easy anecdotes and illustrative passages taken from ancient and modern French authors. These are graduated from beginning to end, according to their grammatical difficulties. The ingenious method is adopted of putting words occurring for the first time in larger type, and the pupil is directed to look these out first in the complete vocabulary at the end of the book. Grammatical peculiarities are italicised, and afterwards explained in the vocabulary and idiom tables. The first section is purposely freed from idioms and irregular verbs; the second section contains irregular verbs, but these are numbered and fully conjugated in

the verb tables at the end of the book. Idioms are printed all through in bold type, and a complete list of those occurring in the Reader is given. There are full grammatical and etymological notes, and a concise synopsis of the whole accidence and the chief syntactical difficulties is given. A beginner who works carefully through this Reader will find himself excellently prepared for higher and harder work.

'FLAVEL S. THOMAS, M.D. (HARV.),' has a little tract on 'A Perfect University,' which deals chiefly with university and college degrees, and offers a scheme for increasing and equalizing their value. He makes some good points, but is somewhat fiercely radical. To the proposal that 'three out of every four' of our universities and colleges 'be requested to commit suicide, and if they will not, be murdered in cold blood,' one might rejoin that this is not quite practicable; and even if it be true that 'to take a college course before a professional course is fast becoming a thing of the past,' the demand that the college turn itself into a group of professional schools is a demand for a batch of half-baked men in all the professions. Let us by all means have a 'University Congress,' and guard our degrees—but not stamp 'lawyer' or 'physician' or 'author' on our babies' cheeks, or force boys of sixteen to begin professional studies.—THE fifth series of Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science seems likely to be of special use at this time. It is chiefly devoted to municipal government, taking up most of our great American cities in order. Mr. James M. Bugbee's 'City Government of Boston' (No. III. of this new series) is full and clear, its special value being its account of the development from the town-meeting to Mayor O'Brien and his increased and direct personal responsibility. We advise the reading of J. K. Hosmer's life of Samuel Adams in connection with this pamphlet.—MR. GEORGE M. TOWLE's little volume called 'The Nation in a Nutshell' (Lee & Shepard) gives in its 147 pages considerable information on the history and material and social development of the United States. A few mistakes might be pointed out, but as a whole the modest booklet is pleasant and instructive. The best chapter is that called 'Society in 1776,' treating of a theme which the author likes and has specially studied; the weakest are those on literature and art, of which the first is very inadequate.

### The Sisters of Agnes Strickland.

FOR the following note we are indebted to Miss Mary B. Sanford, of Cleveland, Ohio:

Miss Jane Strickland's memoir of her sister Agnes, author of 'The Queens of England,' has just appeared from the press of the Blackwoods. The work had long been in manuscript, but its appearance was delayed owing to the ill health of the writer, who is now eighty-seven years of age. Before the publication of the book, a paragraph appeared in some of the papers of this country, stating that the author was the last survivor of the family. But this is not so. Mrs. Trail, well known to English and Canadian readers, is still living in the picturesque village of Lakefield, Ontario. The family stood thus in order of birth. Elizabeth, Agnes, Sara, Jane, Catherine Parr, Susanna, Eleanore, who died in infancy, and two brothers, Samuel and Thomas. Catherine Parr (Mrs. Trail) and Susanna (Mrs. Moodie) went to Canada in 1832, and settled first in Peterboro, on the banks of the rapid Otonabee, from whence they moved to Lakefield. Mrs. Trail was the first of the sisters who appeared in print. In the summer of 1818, when only sixteen years old, she wrote a little series of stories for children. The manuscript was seen by a friend, and unknown to the author was sent to Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, who accepted it at once and sent her a check. Before she left England she wrote many juvenile books, and since her arrival in Canada her pen has not been idle. Among the best known of her works are 'Letters from the Backwoods, by an Officer's Wife,' 'Afar in the West,' and 'The Canadian Crusoes.' The last is still a very popular book among young readers. It was reprinted by Francis, of New York, and by Crosby, of Boston. Mrs. Trail's latest work is 'Studies of Plant Life; or, Gleanings by Forest, Lake and Plain.' It was published in Ottawa in 1884. It is entirely original in style, and deals with the native productions, not as a manual of botany, but as the natural history of the forest—in other words, it is a readable floral biography. The illustrations are from the hand of Mrs. (Col.) Chamberlain, a daughter of Mrs. Moodie. Mrs. Moodie, who died a few years ago, was the author of many popular stories and sketches. For the past two years Mrs. Trail has been engaged in writing 'A Family Record,' which is still in manuscript. Though in her eighty-sixth year, she is full of energy, and of vigorous intellect.

### Modjeska.

Tho' dark and void of pleasure is the place  
Where thou, dear lady, crowned with thought and power  
And that rare charm which is thy lasting dower,  
Ennobled the rude passions of our race,—

Where, with strange art, thou touched anew to life  
Those sleeping queens the poet's skill hath wrought,  
And vivified the marvelous pictures fraught  
With pain and pleasure, deathless love and strife,—

Still, still, thy magic works within the brain;  
Thy very name—a wonder-weaving spell—  
Wakes echoes of thy voice, remembered well,  
And recreates thy changeful grace again;

'Till now, on lids close-pressed—a fitting scene  
For visions bright—the prompter, Memory, calls  
Each radiant form, that in its turn enthalls  
Yet yields to others of still fairer mien.

Oh linger, lovely shapes, grave and demure  
Tragic and tender; for each face doth show  
The same dark eyes divine through which doth glow  
The same sweet woman's soul, serene and pure.

EFFIE DUNREITH GLÜCK.

### To Sign or Not to Sign.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IN reference to the expression in Dr. Weir Mitchell's communication, 'Force all the critics of a technical journal (such as THE CRITIC or *The Nation*) to sign their articles, and you at once open definite and interesting careers to men,' will you permit a line from the critics' point of view as to their exceeding willingness to be 'forced?' The objection to signing will be perhaps largely a matter of temperament, but much private conversation lately makes me believe that the majority of critics are restive under the obligation *not* to sign their work. They see men who have made a reputation in other fields of literature asked, even required, to sign their critical work for the sake of their names; but they are themselves allowed no opportunity to make a reputation in the critical field alone. 'By their fruits ye shall know them' can never apply to a critic without signature, however admirable his work or however well it may be understood that he is on the staff of any given journal. The authors want reviews signed; the public would certainly enjoy it; the majority of critics would probably prefer it. The objection is almost wholly editorial. If the editorial opinion justly outweighs that of the authors, the critics and the public, it should at least be understood that the critics are not the ones to crave the shelter of anonymous writing. The argument that certain journals whose articles are unsigned are weightier than others signed can never mean anything till the same journal with the same staff of contributors has tried both ways for a reasonable length of time. Many that have begun with unsigned articles have changed, and I do not know of any one of these that has ever gone back to the earlier practice.

NEW YORK, April 24, 1887.

BARKIS.

### The Lounger

I CAN'T say that I altogether like the idea of awarding prizes for works of art; nor is my mind altogether made up as to whether, if they are to be given at all, they should be awarded by vote or by the person who offers the prize. I have never known an award to give general satisfaction, even to persons not directly interested. The award of the Clarke prize last year was a farce. This year, however, the money went where it was deserved, since Mr. Dewing won it with his 'Days.' He ought to get another prize at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists for his portrait of Mrs. Stanford White, which is one of the finest pieces of modern portraiture I have seen, not only as a likeness but as a work of art. And then the frame! Was there ever anything more chaste and beautiful? It was designed by Mr. White, I believe, who shows as much taste in designing a frame as in designing a house. If I had had the awarding of the first Hallgarten prize, I should have given it to Mr. Murphy rather than to Mr. Kappes; but the balloting proved that my award would not have been popular, for the latter got forty-two votes while the former got only eleven.



MR. HAGGARD is having a hard time of it. Before the to-do over his alleged plagiarisms has abated, before he has even replied to them, the *Times* of this city takes a rod out of pickle, and applies it to his shoulders in this fashion:

In nine cases out of ten an author who has bounded into popularity on a single book, instead of trying to excel that effort and add to his fame, hunts up his old manuscripts, some of which may have been rejected in the past, and hurls them at the head of an unoffending public. He relies on his name to sell the books, and not on the books to add lustre to his name. Mr. Haggard is an author who well illustrates this failing. 'King Solomon's Mines' and 'She' are not great works of fiction, but they are of a character which attracts armies of readers, and their popularity has been phenomenal. To issue on the strength of their success such a work as 'The Witch's Head' was simply to set a trap to catch the shillings of the unwary.

'The Witch's Head,' Mr. Haggard's first novel, was originally published more than two years ago. It was republished in this country in March, 1885. 'Dawn,' just published here, is his second novel, and first appeared in London two years ago.

IN A catalogue of certain 'important works in every department of literature' which Scribner & Welford have 'marked down' for sale during the spring and summer, I find Sir Lepel Griffin's 'The Great Republic' reduced from \$1.50, its original price, to 75 cents. Leave off the 7 and you get about its actual value; for the poorest book ever written, if large enough, would bring 5 cents as waste paper. Sir Lepel may know something about India, where he holds a high official position; but for concrete and condensed ignorance of the United States, his 'Great Republic' has no rival in modern literature.

IN READING the lives of well-known literary women I am surprised to find them such early risers. Harriet Martineau took her cup of coffee (which she made herself) and a four miles' walk before eight o'clock. When she returned she ate her breakfast and sat down to work. At two she dined, and then the day's work was done. She read, but never wrote, in the evening. Maria Edgeworth, too, was up with the lark; and a housemaid two miles from where she lived used to waken her mistress in the morning with 'It's eight o'clock, ma'am; Miss Edgeworth is going by.' Ouida is an earlier bird than either of these good ladies was. I learn from a recent letter to *The Week* that she gets up at five o'clock every morning, but unlike Miss Edgeworth and Miss Martineau takes no life-giving walk into the country. She goes from her bed to her desk, and writes for three or four hours before she touches a mouthful of food. All this is in direct opposition to the popular theory that authors write in the middle of the night, and on into the small hours. There are many who do, but the midnight oil gives no more inspiring light than is shed by the early morning sun.

ACCORDING to the same correspondent, Ouida before beginning to write 'works herself up into a sort of literary trance,' which is very different from the wide-awake mood of the English ladies. She writes in a large hand, and her pen 'moves like lightning over the sheet before her.' When 'thoroughly enthused' (*sic*) she sometimes covers a sheet of foolscap paper with only two or three lines of five words each, so that her manuscript must look very much like a printed page of Victor Hugo's.

A LADY sends me the following 'literary' news items from a recent issue of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*:-

A very enjoyable 'Maple Sugar' treat was tendered the lady members of the 'Chautauqua Literary' on Friday afternoon by Miss Nellie Montgomery at her home, No. 933 North Ashland Avenue. The Zion Literary Society gave its tenth *bal masqué* at the North Side Turner Hall last evening. Prizes were awarded to the most original and finest costumed lady and gentleman by competent and impartial judges.

'As we naturally look to THE CRITIC for the promulgation of literary novelties in America,' she says, 'I send you the enclosed items. They contain a suggestion to exhausted New York and Boston which those cities might otherwise never have received.'

## The Fine Arts

### The Society of American Artists.

THE ninth exhibition of the Society of American Artists, which opened on Monday, presents a very satisfactory collection of pictures by many of the strongest men of the younger American school. The portraits are particularly good. Dennis M. Bunker shows a large portrait of a young woman in black against a rather dark background. Some roses are well used as accessories. The theme and composition are simple, even to monotony, but the

treatment is so subtle and artistic that the picture gains in interest with every glance. Wyatt Eaton's portrait of a lady in ruby velvet has beautiful flesh-painting and is decoratively effective. The head is treated in a manner of great distinction. Robert B. Brandagee's portrait of a gentleman is painted with strength and delicacy, and presents a fine type in an adequate manner. William M. Chase has two large portraits, one of a very young girl in white, the other of a lady in brown street-costume, admirably handled in an impressionistic way. Rosina Emmett's two portraits are charming in composition and treatment. Benoni Irwin's portrait of a man with folded arms is vigorous and expressive. William M. J. Rice, in his large figure of a young girl in mediæval costume, and Miss M. Geraldine Reed, in her bizarre and well-painted half-length 'Lucilla,' present good examples of fantastic portraiture. J. Alden Weir's portrait of John F. Weir is strong in technique and in characterization.

Some very good work is found among the figure-subjects. Abbott Thayer's 'Woman and Swan' contains valuable painting and modelling. 'An Aztec Sculptor' by George de F. Brush is a very complete work, painted with great care and finish. Kenyon Cox's large decorative composition, 'Painting and Poetry,' has excellent work in the figures and shows marked aptness for mural work on the part of the painter. A well-handled decorative figure by Herbert Denman is called 'Roses.' T. W. Dewing's 'Tobit and the Angel' has a delicate and beautiful decorative quality, and infuses modern poetic sentiment into the old Apocryphal story. It is carefully painted throughout. Wyatt Eaton's 'The Reader,' a small nude female figure with blue drapery about it, shows the grace and ideality which, combined with an excellent technique, are peculiar to this painter's treatment of the human body. The landscapes are numerous and interesting. Walter L. Palmer's 'An Early Snow,' giving part of a river and its wooded banks with a fairy-like effect of distance, is very original in treatment and extremely pure and truthful in color—quite an ideal bit of impressionism. Blum's 'Venetian Palaces,' Emil Carlsen's 'Cape Ann Sands' and two still-life subjects, Gedney Bunce's 'Bessie Watt's Meadow,' Joe Evans's well-painted English garden and cottage, Charles H. Davis's 'First Snow' and 'A November Morning,' C. M. Dewey's 'Lowlands,' Homer Martin's large landscape with its kaleidoscopic presentation of nature, and landscapes by Minor, Murphy, Ryder, Sartain, Teggin, Tryon, Van Boskerck, Twachtman, Wiggins and Wyant are worthy of especial mention. Mr. Dewing's exquisite little portrait of a lady will not be overlooked; nor F. D. Millet's classic girl with a vessel on her shoulder, which is so well painted in a dispassionate way; nor Mr. Blashfield's bit of pseudo-classicism in the shape of a girl whose surroundings suggest in color the title of the picture, 'Tea Rose.' Mr. Tarbell's full-length portrait of a young woman in a black gown is painted with knowledge and a suggestive touch. Irving R. Wiles's 'At the Piano' and Wm. S. Allen's interior with figures are clever impressions. Abbott Thayer's 'Roses' and Caroline T. Hecker's 'Azaleas' are brilliant examples of flower painting. Henry Walker's two nudes, 'Proteus' and 'Bather,' merit careful study. Mr. Brewster's plaster bust of Carroll Beckwith is a nervous workmanlike head full of life. Edwin Elwell's head of a young girl is delicate without weakness and subtle in expression. The exhibition as a whole is highly creditable to American art.

### Art Notes.

M. DURAND RUEL, of Paris, will place on exhibition at Moore's gallery on Monday, prior to their sale on the 5th and 6th, a number of interesting and important works by painters of the French impressionist school and others. Two pastels by Degas (jockies and horses), several strong landscapes by Claude Monet, including a view of a riverside with houses; and a number of striking examples of Boudin in marine and landscape, are among the noticeable pictures. Works by J. Lewis Brown, especially a Hungarian subject, 'Pandours attacking a Courier,' a lovely autumn landscape, by Sisley; several Renoirs; and a large figure of a man in black velvet with his hands resting on a large sword, by Desboutin, merit appreciative attention from artists and the art-public.

—An exhibition of French pictures will be held at the Academy after the close of the present exhibition, under the management of the American Association for the Improvement and Encouragement of Art. This title has been adopted by Messrs. Kirby, Sutton and Robertson to admit of importing the pictures. The pictures are by the terms of incorporation held in bond for nine months, and no sales are allowed. The exhibition will be a very interesting one, including important examples of Puvion de Chavannes, Delacroix, Courbet, Alfred Stevens, Meissonier, Gérôme and various impressionists.

—The pictures belonging to the estates of the late President Arthur and Anson Baker and the private collection of Mrs. Elizabeth D. Vail, sister of the late John F. Kensett, N. A., were exhibited this week at Ortgies's gallery previous to sale on the 29th. A number of small examples of Kensett, quiet and carefully-painted landscapes, were, together with Emmanuel Leutze's portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the most important feature of the exhibition. The portrait, which is artistically good, was painted in Washington in April, 1862, purchased by Mr. Kensett and inherited by his sister. A copy by William Page of a man in armor by Titian and several works by Thomas Cole were also noticed.

—As Mr. Alfred Kappes, who took the first Hallgarten prize with his picture, 'Buckwheat Cakes,' has informed the Committee that he has passed the age-limit of thirty-five, the \$300 will be added to next year's award. The pictures sold at the Academy have brought \$25,000. Among recent sales are Percy Moran's 'Rehearsal for the Ball,' \$650; J. F. Murphy's 'Neglected Land,' \$400; E. S. Sackett's 'Roses,' \$75; and W. V. Birney's, 'The First Up,' \$125.

—Charles R. Lamb has been reelected President of the Art Students' League and Miss W. D. Hawley, Vice-President. The new officers are G. A. Traver, Vice-President, and H. B. Snell, E. D. French and Miss Edith Mitchell, Board of Control. During the past year 477 pupils have worked in the school, and the receipts have been \$16,900—an increase of nearly \$2000 over the previous year's receipts.

—Rembrandt's etching, 'The Hundred Guilder Piece,' was sold at auction on Thursday of last week for about \$6500, and his 'Our Lord before Pilate' for about \$5750. These figures are given by Mr. Smalley in the *Tribune*, who says that the former plate was purchased by the Berlin Museum and the latter by an American collector.

#### The Magazines.

*Harper's* for May is an unusually full and charming number. It opens with 'The Recent Movement in Southern Literature,' by Charles W. Coleman, Jr., which gives brief accounts, with portraits, of Cable, Johnston, Harris, Page, Burns Wilson, Miss Murfree, Miss Bayler, Miss McClelland, Miss Rives and others of a most interesting literary coterie. It is singular that while the wealth and leisure of ante-bellum days which might be supposed favorable to the cultivation of Southern literature actually produced nothing, the stress of a complete change has produced a great deal; and it is yet more singular that this sudden Southern literature has leaped Minerva-like from the brain, perfect of its kind from the beginning. Another article of unusual interest is that by Coquelin, on 'Acting and Actors.' The illustrations are capital, especially those which show the effect of make-up by giving half-a-dozen pictures of the same man as a different actor. Coquelin disbelieves in the old faith that you should lose yourself in your part: he holds, on the contrary, that you should never identify yourself with your rôle, but merely represent, remaining always your own most cold, conscious and severe critic. Ralph Meeker's 'Through the Caucasus,' with Frank Millet's spirited illustrations, is a picturesque contribution; and there is a well-illustrated article on 'The American Mastiff.' Mr. Bishop has an amusing little story of two dumb children, 'Jerry and Clorinda,' and the serials of Mr. Howells and Kathleen O'Meara are eminently readable. Of the poetry, Margaret Deland's is graceful and pretty, and Miss Amélie Rives's, though too long and agonized a burst of literary sorrow, with rhymes too suggestive of necessity, contains some fine lines. As 'The Three Tetons,' a sketch of the Yellowstone, by Mrs. Rollins, is written by one of THE CRITIC's staff, modesty prevents our saying that it is perfectly delightful; but perhaps we may be permitted to say that the subject is delightful.

We take up 'The Decline of Duty' by George Frederic Parsons in *The Atlantic*, with the hope of finding some suggestions as to how we may 'bull the market'; but the paper is one of comment rather than of remedy. Olive Thorne Miller's 'Flutter-budget' is a little brown thrush. Miss Jewett gives a character study in 'The Courting of Sister Wisby' which contains the following wise rebuke to those who compare the past unfavorably with the present: 'There was as big thoughts then as there is now; these times was born o' them.' Wm. Chauncy Langdon writes of the Italian patriot Marco Minghetti; and A. A. Hayes, in 'China and the United States,' dispels a few illusions.

The Thackeray letters in *Scribner's* of course retain their charm, and the new magazine is making itself felt as a literary voice. Commander F. E. Chadwick contributes a thorough paper with illustrations on 'The Development of the Steamship.' Prof. Shaler gives an elaborate article, beautifully illustrated, on 'Forests of

North America.' 'An Ocean Graveyard' is the impressive title of J. Macdonald Oxley's account of Sable Island. Two of the serials, J. S. of Dale's and H. C. Bunner's, come to a conclusion with fitting contrasts of humor and tragedy. Two good short stories are 'Marse Archie's Fight,' by Maria Blunt and 'An Islander,' by Margaret Crosby. In the latter the author has very cleverly caught the spirit of life at Nantucket, where the natives divide the world into Islanders and Off-Islanders.

The *Journal of Morphology* for May is the first issue of that semi-annual publication. It contains seven severely scientific papers, illustrated with seven double lithographic plates and one heliotype plate. The *Journal* is to be devoted principally to embryological, anatomical and histological subjects. It is edited by C. O. Whitman, Director of the Lake Laboratory, Milwaukee, and published by Ginn & Co.

#### Ristori on Rachel.

MME. RISTORI has written her memoirs, and some extracts from them have been published in the *Philadelphia Press* prior to their appearance in book form. They are very interesting, particularly when they touch upon her brothers and sisters of the stage. Ristori and Rachel were playing rival engagements in Paris in 1854, and the Italian had an opportunity of seeing the great Frenchwoman. The play was 'Horace.' What Mme. Ristori has to say about the most famous actress of modern times is interesting:—

The moment she appeared on the stage I understood the potency of her fascination. I seemed to behold before me a Roman statue; her bearing was majestic, her step royal; the draping of her mantle, the folds of her dress—everything was studied with wonderful artistic talent. Perhaps criticism might have been able even to find a little fault with the unchanging arrangement of the folds, which never fell out of order. As a woman it was easy for me to understand the reason for that arrangement; Rachel was extremely thin, and used every pains to conceal it. But with what marvelous skill she did so! She knew thoroughly how to modulate her voice, and at times it was magical. At the wondrous culminating point of the imprecation flung at Rome and the Romans, such accents of hate and fury rushed from her heart that the whole audience shuddered at them. I heard and saw only her, and I paid her the tribute of the most frantic applause. She could excite the greatest enthusiasm in her transports, so beautiful was her diction, so statuesque her pose. In the most passionate situation, however, her expression was regulated by the rules imposed by the traditional French school, yet the power of her voice, fascination of her look, were such that she compelled admiration and applause. We of the Italian school, on the contrary, do not believe that in culminating moments of passion this self-possession is possible. When a person is overtaken by unexpected sorrow or sudden joy, is it not the natural instinct to move the hand to the head and, as a necessary consequence, must not the hair be disarranged? The Italian school of acting holds that one of the chief objects of the stage is to represent nature in a living and truthful manner.

Of her great fellow-countryman, Mme. Ristori says:— 'Tommas Salvini is to me the living incarnation of Italian inspiration.'

#### Thackeray and Pendennis.

THACKERAY's letters to the Brookfields in the May *Scribner's* are no less interesting than those in the earlier numbers. They were written in 1849, while Thackeray was at work on 'Pendennis' and Dickens was writing 'David Copperfield,' and each was putting something of his own character and experience into the story of his hero. The former writes:

Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs. Pendennis and her son Mr. Arthur Pendennis, I got up very early again this morning and was with them for more than two hours before breakfast. He is a very good-natured, generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder whether he is interesting to me from selfish reasons and because I fancy we resemble each other in many points, and whether I can get the public to like him too?

In another letter he credits one of the daughters of Horace Smith of the 'Rejected Addresses' with having suggested the beginning of the novel.

One of the Miss Smiths told me a story which is the very thing



for the beginning of 'Pendennis,' which is actually begun and in progress. This is a comical beginning rather. The other, which I did not like, was sentimental, and will yet come in very well after the startling comical business has been played off.

'The Miss Smiths' (there are two of them) are still living at Brighton, where their father died twenty-eight years ago, and where, Mrs. Brookfield says, 'their society is still much sought after.' The novelist turned everything to account in producing his book. Read in 'Pendennis' the chapter entitled 'Corydon and Phillis,' containing the story of the 'two battered London rakes, taking themselves in for a moment, and fancying that they were in love with each other like Phillis and Corydon!' and then this passage from one of these letters:

At the train, whom do you think I found? Miss G——, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved. She talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked false humbugging London love as two *blasted* London people might act, and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try and make, a good man of him. O! me, we are wicked worldlings most of us, may God better us and cleanse us!

And for a suggestion of other scenes and characters:

Last night was a dinner at Spencer Cowper's, the man who used to be called the fortunate youth some few years back, when 10,000*l.*, or perhaps 20,000*l.* a year, was suddenly left him by a distant relative, and when he was without a guinea in the world. It was a Sybaritic repast, in a magnificent apartment, and we were all of us young voluptuaries of fashion. There were portraits of Louis Quatorze ladies round the room (I was going to say *salle à manger*, but room after all is as good a word). We sat in the comfortablest arm chairs, and valets went round every instant filling our glasses with the most exquisite liquors. The glasses were as big as at Kinglake's dinner—do you remember Kinglake's feast, Ma'am? Then we adjourned into wadded drawing rooms, all over sofas and lighted with a hundred candles, where smoking was practised, and we enjoyed a pleasant and lively conversation, carried on in the 2 languages of which we young dogs are perfect masters. As I came away at midnight I saw C.'s carriage lamps blazing in the courtyard, keeping watch until the fortunate youth should come out to pay a visit to some Becky no doubt. The young men were clever, very frank and gentlemanlike; one, rather well-read; quite as pleasant companions as one deserves to meet, and as for your humble servant, he saw a chapter or two of 'Pendennis' in some of them.

In one of these letters Thackeray writes to Mr. Brookfield: 'Get "David Copperfield," by Jingo, it's beautiful; it beats the yellow chap of this month [his own story] hollow.' In another, to Mrs. Brookfield, he says:

Have you read Dickens? O! it is charming! brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good. In the first place it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the A.'s works, has been copying the O. A., and greatly simplifying his style, and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer, and 'David Copperfield' will be improved by taking a lesson from 'Vanity Fair.' Secondly, it has put me upon my metal; for ah! Madame, all the metal was out of me, and I have been dreadfully and curiously cast down this month past. I say, secondly, it has put me on my metal, and made me feel I must do something; that I have fame and name and family to support.

### About Fiction.

[R. Rider Haggard, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

THE love of romance is probably coeval with the existence of humanity. So far as we can follow the history of the world we find traces of it and its effects among every people, and those who are acquainted with the habits and ways of thought of savage races will know that it flourishes as strongly in the barbarian as in the cultured breast. In short, it is like the passions, an innate quality of mankind. In modern England this love is not by any means dying out, as must be clear, even to that class of our fellow-countrymen who, we are told, are interested in nothing but politics and religion. A writer in *The Saturday Review* computed not long ago that the

yearly output of novels in this country is about eight hundred; and probably he was within the mark. It is to be presumed that all this enormous mass of fiction finds a market of some sort, or it would not be produced. Of course a large quantity of it is brought into the world at the expense of the writer, who guarantees or deposits his thirty or sixty pounds, which in the former case he is certainly called upon to pay, and in the latter he never sees again. But this deducted, a large residue remains, out of which a profit must be made by the publisher, or he would not publish it. Now, most of this crude mass of fiction is worthless. If three-fourths of it were never put into print the world would scarcely lose a single valuable idea, aspiration, or amusement. Many people are of opinion in their secret hearts that they could, if they thought it worth while to try, write a novel that would be very good indeed, and a large number of people carry this opinion into practice without scruple or remorse. But as a matter of fact, with the exception of perfect sculpture, really good romance-writing is perhaps the most difficult art practised by the sons of men. It might even be maintained that none but a great man or woman can produce a *really* great work of fiction. But great men are rare, and great works are rarer still, because all great men do not write. If, however, a person is intellectually a head and shoulders above his or her fellows, that person is *primâ facie* fit and able to write a good work. Even then he or she may not succeed, because in addition to intellectual pre-eminence, a certain literary quality is necessary to the perfect flowering of the brain in books. Perhaps, therefore, the argument would stand better conversely. The writer who can produce a noble and lasting work of art is of necessity a great man, and one who, had fortune opened to him any of the doors that lead to material grandeur and to the busy pomp of power, would have shown that the imagination, the quick sympathy, the insight, the depth of mind, and the sense of order and proportion which went to constitute the writer would have equally constituted the statesman or the general. It is not, of course, argued that only great writers should produce books, because if this was so publishing as a trade would come to an end, and Mudie would be obliged to put up his shutters. Also there exists a large class of people who like to read, and to whom great books would scarcely appeal. Let us imagine the consternation of the ladies of England if they were suddenly forced to an exclusive fare of George Eliot and Thackeray! But it is argued that a large proportion of the fictional matter poured from the press into the market is superfluous, and serves no good purpose. On the contrary, it serves several distinctly bad ones. It lowers and vitiates the public taste, and it obscures the true ends of fiction. Also it brings the high and honorable profession of authorship into contempt and disrepute, for the general public, owing perhaps to the comparative poverty of literary men, has never yet quite made up its mind as to the status of their profession. Lastly, this over-production stops the sale of better work without profiting those who are responsible for it.

The publication of inferior fiction can, in short, be of no advantage to any one, except perhaps the proprietors of circulating libraries. To the author himself it must indeed be a source of nothing but misery, bitterness, and disappointment, for only those who have written one can know the amount of labor involved in the production of even a bad book. Still, the very fact that people can be found to write and publishers to publish to such an unlimited extent, shows clearly enough the enormous appetite of readers, who are prepared, like a diseased ostrich, to swallow stones, and even carrion, rather than not get their fill of novelties. More and more, as what we call culture spreads, do men and women crave to be taken out of themselves. More and more do they long to be brought face to face with Beauty, and stretch out their arms toward that vision of the Perfect, which we only see in books and dreams. The fact that we, in these latter days, have as it were macadamized all the roads of life does not make the world softer to the feet of those who travel through it. There are now royal roads to everything, lined with staring placards, whereon he who runs may learn the sweet uses of advertisement, but it is dusty work to follow them, and some may think that our ancestors on the whole found their voyaging a shadier and fresher business. However this may be, a weary public calls continually for books, new books to make them forget, to refresh them, to occupy minds jaded with the toil and emptiness and vexation of our competitive existence.

In some ways this demand is no doubt a healthy sign. The intellect of the world must be awakening when it thus cries aloud to be satisfied. Perhaps it is not a good thing to read nothing but three-volumed novels of an inferior order, but it, at any rate, shows the possession of a certain degree of intelligence. For there still exists among us a class of educated people, or rather of people who have had a certain sum of money spent upon their education, who are absolutely incapable of reading *anything*, and who never do read anything except, perhaps, the reports of famous divorce cases.

and the spiciest paragraphs in Society papers. It is not their fault; they are very often good people enough in their way; and as they go to church on Sundays, and pay their rates and taxes, the world has no right to complain of them. They are born without intellects, and with undeveloped souls, that is all, and on the whole they find themselves very comfortable in that condition. But this class is getting smaller, and all writers have cause to congratulate themselves on the fact, for the dead wall of its crass stupidity is a dreadful thing to face. Those, too, who begin by reading novels may end by reading Milton and Shakspeare. Day by day the mental area open to the operations of the English-speaking writer grows larger. At home the Board schools pour out their thousands every year, many of whom have acquired a taste for reading, which, when once it has been born, will, we may be sure, grow apace. Abroad the colonies are filling up with English-speaking people, who, as they grow refined and find leisure to read, will make a considerable call upon the literature of their day.

But by far the largest demand for books in the English tongue comes from America, with its reading population of some forty millions. Most of the books patronized by this enormous population are stolen from English authors, who, according to American law, are outcasts, unentitled to that protection to the work of their brains and the labour of their hands which is one of the foundations of common morality. Putting aside this copyright question, however (and, indeed, it is best left undiscussed), there may be noted in passing two curious results which are being brought about in America by this wholesale perusal of English books. The first of these is that the Americans are destroying their own literature, that cannot live in the face of the unfair competition to which it is subjected. It will be noticed that since piracy, to use the politer word, set in with its present severity, America has scarcely produced a writer of the first class—no one, for instance, who can be compared to Poe, or Hawthorne, or Longfellow. It is not, perhaps, too rash a prophecy to say that, if piracy continues, American literature proper will shortly be chiefly represented by the columns of a very enterprising daily press. The second result of the present state of affairs is that the whole of the American population, especially the younger portion of it, must be in course of thorough impregnation with English ideas and modes of thought as set forth by English writers. We all know the extraordinary effect books read in youth have upon the fresh and imaginative mind. It is not too much to say that many a man's whole life is influenced by some book read in his teens, the very title of which he may have forgotten. Consequently, it would be difficult to overrate the effect that must be from year to year produced upon the national character of America by the constant perusal of books born in England. For it must be remembered that for every reader that a writer of merit finds in England, he will find three in America.

In the face of this constant and ever-growing demand at home and abroad, writers of romance must often find themselves questioning their inner consciousness as to what style of art it is best for them to adopt, not only with the view of pleasing their readers, but in the interests of art itself. There are several schools from which they may choose. For instance, there is that followed by the American novelists. These gentlemen, as we know, declare that there are no stories left to be told, and certainly, if it may be said without disrespect to a clever and laborious body of writers, their works go far toward supporting the statement. They have developed a new style of romance. Their heroines are things of silk and cambric, who soliloquize and dissect their petty feelings, and elaborately review the feeble promptings which serve them for passions. Their men—well, they are emasculated specimens of an overwrought age, and, with culture on the lips, and emptiness in their hearts, they dangle round their heroines till their three-volumed fate is accomplished. About their work is an atmosphere like that of the boudoir of a luxurious woman, faint and delicate, and suggesting the essence of white rose. How different is all this to the swiftness, and strength, and directness of the great English writers of the past. Why,

The surge and thunder of the Odyssey is not more widely separated from the tinkling of modern society verses, than the labored nothingness of this new American school of fiction from the giant life and vigour of Swift and Fielding, and Thackeray and Hawthorne. Perhaps, however, it is the art of the future, in which case we may hazard a shrewd guess that the literature of past ages will be more largely studied in days to come than it is at present.

Then, to go from Pole to Pole, there is the Naturalistic school, of which Zola is the high priest. Here things are all the other way. Here the chosen function of the writer is to

Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art.

Here are no silks and satins to impede our vision of the flesh and blood beneath, and here the scent is patchouli. Lewd, and bold, and bare, living for lust and lusting for this life and its good things, and naught beyond, the heroines of realism dance, with Bacchanalian revellings, across the astonished stage of literature. Whatever there is brutal in humanity—and God knows that there is plenty—whatever there is that is carnal and filthy, is here brought into prominence, and thrust before the reader's eyes. But what becomes of the things that are pure and high—of the great aspirations and the lofty hopes and longings, which *do*, after all, play their part in our human economy, and which it is surely the duty of a writer to call attention to and nourish according to his gifts?

Certainly it is to be hoped that this naturalistic school of writing will never take firm root in England, for it is an accursed thing. It is impossible to help wondering if its followers ever reflect upon the mischief that they must do, and, reflecting, do not shrink from the responsibility. To look at the matter from one point of view only, Society has made a rule that for the benefit of the whole community individuals must keep their passions within certain fixed limits, and our social system is so arranged that any transgression of this rule produces mischief of one sort or another, if not actual ruin, to the transgressor. Especially is this so if she be a woman. Now, as it is, human nature is continually fretting against these artificial bounds, and especially among young people it requires considerable fortitude and self-restraint to keep the feet from wandering. We all know, too, how much this sort of indulgence depends upon the imagination, and we all know how easy it is for a powerful writer to excite it in that direction. Indeed, there could be nothing *more* easy to a writer of any strength and vision, especially if he spoke with an air of evil knowledge and intimate authority. There are probably several men in England at this moment who, if they turned their talents to this bad end, could equal, if not outdo, Zola himself, with results that would shortly show themselves in various ways among the population. Sexual passion is the most powerful lever with which to stir the mind of man, for it lies at the root of all things human; and it is impossible to over-estimate the damage that could be worked by a single English or American writer of genius, if he grasped it with a will. 'But,' say these writers, 'our aim is most moral; from Nana and her kith and kin may be gathered many a virtuous lesson and example.' Possibly this is so, though as I write the words there rises in my mind a recollection of one or two French books where—but most people have seen such books. Besides, it is not so much a question of the object of the school as of the fact that it continually, and in full and luscious detail, calls attention to erotic matters. Once start the average mind upon this subject, and it will go down the slope of itself. It is useless afterwards to turn round and say that, although you cut loose the cords of decent reticence which bound the fancy, you intended that it should run *uphill* to the white heights of virtue. If the seed of eroticism is sown broadcast its fruit will be according to the nature of the soil it falls on, but fruit it must and will. And however virtuous may be the aims with which they are produced, the publications of the French Naturalistic school are such seed as was sown by that enemy who came in the night season.

[To be concluded.]

## Hawthorne and the War.

[The Boston Post.]

IT WAS in 1863 that Nathaniel Hawthorne dedicated his charming series of English sketches, 'Our Old Home,' to Franklin Pierce, 'as a slight memorial of a college friendship, prolonged through manhood and retaining all its vitality in our autumnal years,' and many now living will recall the antagonism and controversy aroused by this act of friendship, and the pressure brought to bear by immediate friends and relatives to induce the author to give his book to the world under more popular auspices. Hawthorne refused, and probably never were his reasons so plainly set forth as in a letter to one near and dear to him, written a few days after the famous dedication was penned. Until the present time this letter has been kept for friendly eyes only; and now, when for the first time given greater publicity, his views will excite curious interest.

THE WAYSIDE, July 20, '63.

DEAR —: I do not think that the dedication to General Pierce can have the momentous political consequences which you apprehend. I determined upon it long since as a proper memorial of our life-long intimacy, and as especially suitable in the case of this book, which could not have been in existence without him. I expressly say that I dedicate the book to the friend, and decline any present colloquy with the statesman, to whom I address merely a few lines expressing my confidence in his loyalty and unalterable devotion to the Union—which I am glad to have the opportunity



of saying, at this moment when all the administration and abolition papers are calling him a traitor. A traitor! Why, he is the only loyal man in the country, North or South. Everybody else has outgrown the old faith in the Union, or got outside of it in one way or another, but Pierce retains it in all the simplicity with which he inherited it from his father. It has been the principle, and is the explanation (and the apology, if any is needed), of his whole public life: and if you look generously at him you cannot but see that it would ruin a noble character (though one of limited scope) for him to admit any ideas that were not entertained by the fathers of the Constitution and the Republic. Knowing that he is eternally true to them, I say so, and that is all I say of his political character. The dedication was written before the New-Hampshire convention, and when I had not seen him for months; but I speak of his faith with the same certainty as if I had just come from a talk with him. Though I differ from him in many respects, I would far rather that he should die than change. There is a certain steadfastness and integrity with regard to a man's own nature (when it is such a peculiar nature as that of Pierce) which seems to me more sacred and valuable than the faculty of adapting one's self to new ideas, however true they may turn out to be.

The dedication can hurt nobody but my book and myself. I know that it will do that, but am content to take the consequences rather than go back from what I deliberately judge it right to do. As for posterity, it will have formed a truer opinion of General Pierce than you can do; and yet I shall suppose that you have breadth and insight enough (however disturbed by the potent elixir of political opinions) to appreciate the sterling merits of this kind of man.

You do not in the least shake me by telling me that I shall be supposed to disapprove of the war, for I always thought that it should have been avoided, although since it has broken out I have longed for military success as much as any man or woman of the North. I agree with your friend, — — —, who thinks that the war will only effect by a horrible convulsion the self-same end that might and would have been brought about by a gradual and peaceful change. Nor am I at all certain that it will effect that end. Even these recent successes have not as indubitable a tendency in that direction. They will suggest to the rebels that their best hope lies in the honor of the peace Democrats of the North, whom they have heretofore scorned, and by amalgamation with whom I really think that the old Union might be restored and slavery prolonged for another hundred years with new bulwarks; while the people of the North would fancy that they had got the victory and never know that they had shed their blood in vain, and so would become peace Democrats to a man. In that case, woe to the abolitionists! I offer you in advance the shelter of the nook in our garret which Mary contrived as a hiding place for Mr. Sanborn.

The best thing possible, as far as I can see, would be to effect a separation of the Union, giving us the west bank of the Mississippi and a boundary line affording as much Southern soil as we can hope to digest into freedom in another century. Such a settlement looks impossible, to be sure, and so does every other imaginable settlement, except through the medium of the peace Democrats, who (as I have just said) would speedily comprise the whole population in view of such a result. You cannot possibly conceive (looking through spectacles of the tint which yours have acquired) how little the North really cares for the negro question, and how eagerly it would grab at peace if recommended by a delusive show of victory. Free soil was never in so great danger as now. If the Southern statesmen manage their matters sagaciously, there may come a revulsion of feeling that would give them more than they ever asked. Do you suppose that the pendulum is not to swing back again?

I have written the foregoing not in a controversial way (and I beg you will not so consider it), but because I am willing that you should know that I entertain certain ideas of my own, and also because I admire the valor and generous pertinacity with which you come again to the scratch, offering me the same kind of advice as when I was going to write the life of Cilley and the life of Pierce; and which availed nothing, then as now, because I trusted to my own instinct to guide me into my own right way. I do not write (if you will please to observe) for my letter to be read to others, for this is the first time that I have written down ideas which exist in a gaseous state in my mind, and perhaps they might define themselves rather differently on another attempt to condense them. My views about disunion, for example, though long crudely entertained, are not such as I should choose to put forth at present, and I am very often sensible of an affectionate regard for the dead old Union which leads me to say a kind thing or two about it, though I had as lief see my grandfather's ghost as have it revive.

Mr. Whiting himself sent me his pamphlet. It has no bearing on my position. I do not care a fig what powers the President

assumes at such a crisis as this if he only uses them effectually; but I must say that I despise the present Administration with all my heart, and should think that you would do the same. I don't know how Ellery Channing gets his literary intelligence. I supposed that this affair of the dedication was an entire secret between me and the publisher. Even Sophia did not know it, and I have never whispered it to General Pierce, nor meant that it should be known till the publication of the book, which will not be sooner than September. It is a pity that it should be bruited abroad so untimely.

The older I grow the more I hate to write notes, and I trust I have here written nothing now that may make it necessary for me to write another.

Truly yours,

N. H.

This letter, of rare worth either as a literary or as an historical remnant, has now become a matter of merchandise, and will, in a few days, form the central feature in the sale of a valuable collection of autographs.

## Notes

—*The Public Service Review*, a weekly newspaper 'devoted to the interests of the Civil, Military, and Naval Services—national, state and municipal,' is announced by the Public Service Publishing Co. The officers of the company are Gen. James B. Fry, President; Gen. Josiah Porter, Vice-President; Lt.-Col. Heman Dowd, Treasurer; Gen. T. F. Rodenbough, General Manager; and Lieut. E. S. Farrow, Secretary. Some of these gentlemen are of the Army, others of the National Guard; and associated with them are two or three Navy officers. The first number of the new weekly will appear May 5.

—It is said that Mr. Cabot and Mr. Coghill are 'The Two Gentlemen of Gotham' who wrote the recent anonymous novel of that name.

—The biography of Darwin by his son will be published in a few weeks.

—Messrs. Lippincott will soon publish an anonymous novel, entitled 'Wallingford,' by one of the officials of the Baltimore and Ohio system. Its principal scene is laid in Baltimore. 'The heroine is supposed to be a well-known Baltimore beauty, and the hero a civil engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad who constructed a tunnel under Baltimore.'

—Among the new novels is 'My Own Love Story,' by H. M. Trollope, eldest son of the late Anthony Trollope. It is his first attempt at fiction.

—Mr. Howells's autobiographical sketch of his boyhood in Ohio, called 'A Year in a Log-Cabin,' will be published, with several illustrations, in *The Youth's Companion* of May 12. Our readers have already had the pleasure of reading a number of interesting extracts from it.

—H. F. H. writes: 'The character of the comments made by "A. W. R." on the anecdote respecting "Excelsior" in THE CRITIC of the 16th inst. invites a reply. The praise I bestowed in the relation of the anecdote was not intended to express my personal opinion of the poem, as might readily have been seen, but to set forth in forcible contrast the snap-judgment respecting it of the dolt of a publisher (dolt still, begging A. W. R.'s pardon), and the verdict of the great host who hold it in high regard. It is not a great poem certainly; but A. W. R.'s contemptuous abuse of it serves, I fear, only to demonstrate the vastness of his pride of opinion and the corresponding weakness of his critical discernment. He says, that "it is a thing which I should suppose Longfellow would have been sorry all his life to have published or written;" but since the poet was not sorry for the deed, but gloried in it, and included the poem in every edition of his works, it would have been modest in A. W. R. to admit that it probably has merits which have eluded his insight.'

—The reviewer whose notice of Miss Fearing's poems called forth a letter in our last issue from the editor of *The Dial*, writes: '—May I be permitted one word in reply to the accusation of injustice to Miss Fearing's "The Sleeping World," in saying that there was no good cheer in a book which is said to contain an unusual amount of faith and resignation. While we would certainly regret having needlessly hurt one afflicted as we now learn Miss Fearing is, I should almost equally regret any real injustice to any author. But my explanation must be, not that I did not know that Miss Fearing was blind, or that I had not noticed the resignation in her book, but that to my mind no amount of faith or resignation is exactly the same thing as good cheer. Far from requiring all literature to be cheerful, few things are more distaste-

ful than the happy-go-lucky tone of authors who take life trippingly upon the tongue and write as if, because they are personally happy and successful, nobody else ought to be lugubrious. But on the other hand it is certainly a question how much grief, or even how much faith and resignation revealing grief, should be considered artistic in literature.

—Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce a new edition of Henry T. Wharton's *Sappho*. It will contain all the matter of the earlier edition, and an autotype fac-simile of a newly discovered fragment of *Sappho*; together with other interesting additions and alterations. The new edition is printed from Greek type of great beauty.

—Nine thousand volumes, constituting the greater part of the library of the late Prof. Short, of Columbia College, will be sold by Bangs & Co. on Monday May 2, and following days. This library represents such editions of the Greek and Roman classics as are of chief value or interest to a scholar—*Æschylus*, *Cicero*, *Homer*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Plautus*, *Plato*, *Virgil*, etc. It is believed that there is a complete collection of the *Delphin* classics. Prof. Short had a special fondness for *first* editions, and there are a number of these. The celebrated presses of *Bodoni*, *Elzevir*, *Aldus*, *Stephens* and *Didot* are well represented. Special attention is also called to the collection of *Bibles* and *New Testaments*.

—A three-act 'farical comedy' of New York life, by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop, will be produced by Mr. Dan Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre next season. It is called 'Next-Door Neighbors.'

—'For the second time recently,' says the *Buffalo Courier* of April 18, 'THE CRITIC speaks of "Onnalinda," an American narrative poem, by J. H. McNaughton, author of "The Blue and the Gray," Judge Francis M. Finch of the Court of Appeals would be justified in haling before him THE CRITIC on a charge of gross contempt of court if it still perseveres in thus attributing his beautiful poem to another.' Unfortunately, the *Courier* is mistaken.

—Mr. Whittaker will issue at once Prof. Warfield's 'Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament' and Rev. W. H. Lowe's 'Hebrew Grammar.'

—When Mr. Bigelow's edition of Franklin's Works is completed, Messrs. Putnam will begin the issue of a similar edition of the writings of Washington. All the Franklins are now subscribed for.

—District Attorney Stephen A. Walker, ex-President of the Board of Education, and Mr. Alex. E. Orr, of the grain firm of David Dows & Co., have been elected Trustees of the Tilden Library by Messrs. Bigelow, Green and Smith, the original Trustees.

—Frank E. Housh & Co., of Brattleboro, Vt., announce the early publication of a little volume entitled 'Life and Public Services of Gen. J. W. Phelps,' by Cecil Hampden Howard.

—Entrance examinations to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are to be held in the principal cities in the Union on June 2 and 3. Those in New York will be in charge of Associate Prof. L. M. Norton, and will be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Prof. Norton may be addressed until June 1 at the Institute, in Boston.

—Prof. S. M. Stern, of this city, will conduct a Summer School of Languages, in connection with the National Summer School of Methods, at Saratoga Springs this summer, beginning on July 11 and closing Aug. 12. He will be assisted by Prof. Menco Stern and others. German, French, Spanish and the classic languages will be taught.

—The planetary wheelings which in the past have taken the Sauveur Summer School of Languages to Amherst, Mass., and Burlington, Vt., have now brought it—or will have done so by July 11—to Oswego, N. Y., where its twelfth session of six weeks will be held in the State Normal School building. It now ceases to be a planet and becomes a fixed star, its present excellent location having been chosen as a permanent one after mature deliberation. Dr. Sauveur has got together a strong corps of language teachers, and is doing effective educational work when most of the colleges and schools are closed.

—In the following note Mrs. Margaret J. Preston replies to the criticisms of her charming book of travel, 'A Handful of Monographs,' contained in a note of similar length in our last issue:—'L. O. quotes: "Grinling Gibbons' carvings are so superlative that I don't believe Cellini himself ever did better," and then adds, to point out my inaccuracy, "He never did—in wood." I have studied the Italian chronicles of old Vasari and Condivi to little purpose, if I did not know that Cellini used every species of metal, and worked in every style, from the carving of his famous salt-

cellar after Michael Angelo, to the bronze casting of his great "Perseus." It was only his *carvings* to which I had reference—not the *material* upon which he wrought. He quotes again from "The Crypts of Canterbury:" "The steps leading to the top, where formerly rested the shrine of Thomas à Becket, are deeply worn by the knees of pilgrims, who crept up them from the time of his death, 1170, till after the Reformation"—noting, "She forgets that the shrine was not placed there till 1220." It is historically true that the shrine was not fully completed till then; but from the very year of Becket's death pilgrims did ascend these steps to kiss the spot where he had fallen. If it is a fact that Henry VIII. dispersed the martyr's ashes after the Reformation, the cathedral verger, whom we had just seen carrying the mace before the canons, and who was our guide on this occasion, did not tell us the truth; for he showed us the slab in the crypt, under which he said the bones had been placed after the demolition of the shrine. As to the "inaccuracy" about Rydal Mount being the actual property of Wordsworth, I knew that he had been in possession of it from 1813 till his death in 1850, and accepted what we were told on the spot, that "it did not now belong to the family." As to Hampton Court Palace being "actually uninhabited," we found it so; though I was perfectly well aware that a semi-detached row of two-storied houses, which constitute an exterior wing of the pile, was often placed temporarily, by the Queen, at the disposal of persons to whom she wished to show favor. I had good reason to know this, as a friend of my own, the widow of a distinguished literary man, had one of these residences at her disposal whenever she chose to occupy it.'

## The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

No. 1254.—Where is George Eliot buried?

GREENSBURG, PA.

E. H. D.

[At Highgate, by the side of her first husband, Mr. Lewes.]

### ANSWERS.

No. 1252.—I have a copy of 'Legends of the Rhine; translated from the German by Fr. Arnold, professor of languages; second edition, Mayence, by Joseph Halenga,' which is quite as curious in its way as some of the 'English as Written in Holland' you mention on page 208. Thus (p. 91): 'He disguised himself as a strolling knight, became acquainted with the nobleman and when he praised the excellent qualities of his wine and placed before Satan a mighty bowl of the excellent fluid, the latter gave to the nobleman such a seducing description of a wine, which he had drunk, according to his statement, in the South, so, that the passionate wine-drinker promised everything, if his guest could procure him a wine like the one described.'

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. W. B.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Annual American Catalogue, 1886.....	Publisher's Weekly.
Apotheosis of an Ideal.....	Boston.
Armstrong, Rev. W. Five-Minute Sermons to Children. 80c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
As Common Mortals. 50c.....	Cassell & Co.
Beckett, C. H. Who is John Noman? \$1.00.....	Cassell & Co.
Beecher, Henry Ward. Norwood.....	Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Beecher, H. W. Proverbs from Plymouth Church. \$1.00.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Benham, Rev. Wm. The Dictionary of Religion. \$5.00.....	Cassell & Co.
Bolmer, Rev. W. B. The Church and the Faith. \$3.00.....	E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Brooks, P. Tolerance. 75c.....	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Crawford, F. M. Saracinesca. \$1.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
De Amicis, E. Cuore. \$1.25.....	Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Dullea, O. J. Claude Gellée Le Lorrain.....	Scribner & Welford.
Dunn, Rev. L. R. The Inquisition. 10c.....	The Methodist Review.
L. M. A. Six Weeks in Old France. \$1.00.....	Albany, N. Y.: American Bureau of Foreign Travel.
Ludlum, J. K. Was He Wise. \$1.00.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Macaulay, Lord. The Earl of Chatham. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Morley, J. On the Study of Literature. 50c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Moulton, C. W. Prize Selections.....	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Nicholson, H. A. Text-Book of Zoology. \$1.60.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Pearse, M. G. Some Aspects of the Blessed Life. 75c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Reddall, H. F. Who Was He? \$1.00.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Rover, Mrs. S. T. Canning and Preserving. 25c.....	Philadelphia: Arnold & Co.
Ruskin, J. Preterita. Vol. 2, Chap. 10. 25c.....	John Wiley & Sons.
Ruskin, J. Thoughts of Beauty and Words of Wisdom.....	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Sims, G. R. Poems.....	Excelsior Pub. House.
Stinde, J. Woodland Tales. \$1.00.....	Thomas Whitaker.
Thoroldsen, Jon T. Sigrid. \$1.25.....	Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Winter, J. S. Garrison Gossip. 15c.....	Harper & Bros.